

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

NUMBER 32.

## Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

### WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Arion...	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester...	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie...	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Fields...	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City...	8 19 am	11 40 am
Santon...	8 10 am	11 20 am
Fulton...	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee...	7 43 am	10 17 am
Yat. Bridge...	7 28 am	10 07 am
Tarent...	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Je...	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three Forks C...	6 53 am	8 00 am
Abol...	6 42 am	7 18 am
Elkton...	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson...	6 00 am	6 10 am

### EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Arion...	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester...	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie...	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Fields...	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City...	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Santon...	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Fulton...	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee...	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Yat. Bridge...	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Tarent...	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je...	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three Forks C...	5 28 pm	3 25 pm
Abol...	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkton...	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson...	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

No. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,  
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.  
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.



UNTIL  
NOVEMBER 1st.

Our \$ 5.00 Watches at \$ 3.00  
" 8.00 " 6.00  
" 10.00 " 7.00  
" 20.00 " 15.00  
" 100.00 " 75.00

FINE DIAMOND RINGS  
\$7.50 and upward.

GOOD VALUES  
—AT—  
\$10.00 and upward.

Alarm Clocks, at 90c. and upward.  
Fine Clocks, at \$3.50 and upward.

A line of Sterling Silver and  
Plated Ware suitable for Wed-  
ding Gifts at proportionately  
low prices.

FRED J. HEINTZ,  
135 E. MAIN STREET,  
Near P. O. LEXINGTON, KY.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon,  
HAZEL GREEN, KY  
Surgery and obstetrics a specialty

W. T. COLVIN,  
WITH  
TRIMBLE BROTHERS,  
Wholesale Grocers,  
MT. STERLING, KY



### THE GARDENER

Thought It an Original Speech, But the  
Old Man Wanted It Amended.

She was a demure little schoolma'am, as pretty as a peach, just 17 years old, and the eldest of a family of 16 brothers and sisters, all of whom had come into the world with unfailing regularity. Her ma and pa were great people for fried chicken, and it was their practice to let the seven or eight younger members of the family lie around the floor, gnawing a greasy drumstick or dirty wing bone to keep them quiet until their turn came at the table. Whenever I visited my charming these kids were the terror of my life, for it is needless to state I always wore my best Sunday clothes, and it can be imagined what an amount of Machiavellian diplomacy was required to keep my trousers unspotted and pet the youngsters at the same time. The children were of an affectionate disposition, very fond of me, and used to select my knees as the vantage ground on which to discover hidden morsels of glistly sweetness.

I confided my troubles to a particular chum of mine, one Toby Snuffles by name, and he generously offered to keep me company, wearing a suit for the occasion, and to amuse the kids while I talked sweet nothings to my innamorata. He was a chuckle-headed, pan-faced and most uninteresting individual, entirely lacking in the refined disposition and intellectual attainments which I possessed; yet, strange to say, on his first appearance the young lady treated my further attentions with cold disdain, and before the evening was fairly over had unblushingly appointed my rival as her future daily escort from the schoolhouse to her home. Toby eventually married her. He was a gardener by occupation, working at Squire Brown's. The squire was a noted horticulturist and most of Toby's work was on the Squire's flower beds.

When Toby asked the old man's consent to marry his daughter he made up his mind to attempt it in a neat little figurative speech of his own, and getting the old man into a merry mood one evening, took the little schoolma'am by the hand, and stepping boldly up to the old gentleman asked his permission to transfer his daughter from the parental bed into his own. The old man surveyed the embarrassed couple for a few moments, in thoughtful silence, and then said:

"Well young man, I have no objection, provided you marry her first."

### Are You Tired

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich red blood.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick-headache.

Don't forget that fine typewriter paper at THE HERALD office when you want some. Only 15c per quire.

### ATTEMPT AT BUYING LAND.

It Requires Tact to Buy Timber Land in the Mountains.

It requires time and tact to buy mountain land. The following is a typical experience:

"I was riding along Tug river, in Kentucky, when I saw a tract of land upon which I concluded it would pay to erect a small sawmill. I hunted up the owner, finding him seated on a log fishing.

"Do you own this land?"  
"Sh! stranger! Fust bite I've hed," he answered in a stage whisper. In about a minute he caught a fish, and I repeated my question.

"Got any baccer?" he asked. I gave him a chew, and in a few minutes he said, "Which land?"

"That land along the road for a mile back."

"Yaas."

"How much have you?"

"What you from?"

"Chicago. How much land have you?"

"Five thousand acres."

"What do you ask for it?"

Well, it's worth \$20 an acre, but for cash I'll swap ter \$10 an acre. Kain't buy 'bout it now. Hey ter ketch fish for supper."

"I sat on a log beside him for three hours, neither of us saying a word, until he arose and started home, while I mounted my horse and followed.

"That night I got as far as to see a deed for the land and get a description. 'It may be a little short,' he said, 'an I reckon I'd take \$40 for it without surveyin'."

"No indecement would move him from that figure, so I went on to the next tract, which I did not want, the timber being too thin.

"How much does Phillips want for his land?" I asked.

"Thousan dollars."

"Can you buy it for me?"

"How much is there of it?"

"A thousan acres."

"I reckon."

"Two weeks later I received a deed, paid \$1,000, and when surveyed the tract measured 980 acres."—Washington Star.

### Rubber Roofing.

We would call the attention of our readers to the rapidity with which the "ruberoid" roofing is taking the place of shingles and metal roofs. The stock from which it is manufactured is impregnable to water, acids, heat or alkali, and the material, which comes in rolls of 200 square feet each, supplied with the necessary nails, washers and cement, is warranted to resist heat, water, fire, acids, alkali and other matters detrimental to the material now commonly in use.

It is especially desirable for tobacco barns, stables, warehouses, and also dwellings, and our readers will notice that the cost of Ruberoid roofing is far less than any other material now in use, the sheets being put up in rolls 3 feet wide by 70 feet long, and sold 200 square feet. The cheapest shingles will cost at least \$2.50 to \$3 per square laid, whereas plain ruberoid costs but \$1.75 per square, and one ply \$2.25 per square at Louisville.

The cost of putting down will not exceed 25 cents, and the material is warranted for an indefinite time and needs no attention for about two years, when it should receive a coat of ruberine, which embraces the same preserving qualities as the original stock.

Our readers will notice in another part of this paper the advertisement of the Gernert Bros. Lumber company, who are the state agents, and in addition offer for sale the celebrated P. & B. brands of building paper and paints, which they have added to their mammoth stock of lumber and house finish. The company is prepared to ship an entire house pattern on a day's notice, having in stock everything required to put up a house from start to finish. Their facilities for manufacturing hardwood finish, hardwood floors, and all kinds of hardwood interior and stair work is unequalled. For particulars apply to Gernert Bros. Lumber Co., Sixth, Mill and A streets, Louisville, Ky.

### MORMON ELDERS

Used the Baptist Church, and Now It Is Closed.

Reports from Elliott county state that the opposition to the advance of the Mormon religion is becoming very violent throughout that entire country, and that all elders have been frightened out of the county. Several serious affrays have resulted between the opposition and the sympathizers, and the recently reported shooting affray near Sandy Hook has only aggravated the already threatening conditions.

Elder W. H. Burrows, of the Mormon church, went to Crum, in Lewis county, to preach. He had been invited there by the Baptist congregation of Rev. Mr. Riffato, but the pastor refused to permit the elder to preach in his church. Rev. Riffato locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Several men pried the lock from the door, and the elder, with the triumphant song bursting from his lips, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming," marched boldly in and preached a long sermon. To add insult to injury, the half brother of Rev. Riffato, Deacon George S. Houpp, cast off his Baptist garments and donned the Mormon vestments. Rev. Riffato, who is quite wealthy and who had intended to make his brother his heir, has revoked his will.

Rev. Riffato owns the church house in which he had preached many years. He has nailed up the doors and nailed down the windows. He says no more, now that it has been polluted by the faith of Mormonism, shall it be opened for religious purposes. He says it is hardly fit for a stable, and that he will probably use it to fatten hogs in.

### Increasing in Demand.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only blood purifying medicine prominent in the public eye today. The truth of this statement is abundantly proved by the unprejudiced testimony of druggists and dealers at the present time. Through a long series of years these men have handled Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have all seen scores of other medicines come to the surface at frequent intervals and then disappear forever, while Hood's Sarsaparilla has continued to be increasingly in demand.

What is the reason for this unparalleled success? It is simple, plain, easily stated and easily understood. It is this: Pure, rich blood is the basis of good health, and Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood. This sentence tells the whole story. This fact explains the wonderful cures made by Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is the reason for those marvelous tales of relief from suffering which have been told from one end of this continent to the other and even far across the sea. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only blood purifier. This is why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

### Child Shot.

In George's branch precinct there exists an organization known as the "Union League," or "Red Strings," the object of which, we have been informed by reliable parties, is to check ku-klux disturbances. The organization suspected Asbury Spicer of being a member of the ku-klux forces, and acting upon those suspicions, which had no foundation whatever, they went to his home on Howard's creek one night quite recently and fired into his house, their intention, it is alleged, being to kill him. He fled from his house in his night clothes without being hurt, but one of his small children was shot through the calf of its right leg. The wound, though very painful, is not dangerous. Spicer has always borne the reputation of being a peaceful and quiet citizen, and the attack on him by the desperadoes is wholly unwarranted and uncalled for. The indiscriminate firing into his house by the band of men who numbered about fourteen, indicated that they didn't care whether they killed Spicer or any other member of his family. The whole affair presents rich fruit for the grand jury.—Jackson Hustler.

### To Cure Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

### The Home Paper.

When you get married to the brightest and best girl in the county, where did you look for that notice that meant so much for you, and so little to nearly everybody else? To your home paper.

When your home was invaded by the blue eyed girl or the bouncing baby boy, to whom did you make it your business to convey early information as to the sex, the time and the weight?

To the editor of that home paper.

In after years, when some manly young fellow takes the blue eyed girl to a home of his own, or your once bouncing boy—now a man—is given a partnership in the store because he has just brought home somebody else's daughter and set up an establishment of his own, to whom do you personally exhibit the wedding presents and load up with the bride's cake, and to whom do you look for complete description of the interesting event, down to the last pickle fork and individual salt cellar, which mean so much to you, and a very few others, and so little to everybody else? To this same editor of that same paper.

And when trouble comes in the home, that desolate bit of realty, the lot in the cemetery, and somehow the sun doesn't seem to shine as it used to, and there's the flutter of crepe on the front door and the odor of the tuberoses in the front parlor, and the chair that has for years been beside yours at the fireside and opposite yours at the table is vacant—when all this happens, who makes it his business to write in tender strain of the one whose life has grown to be a part of yours, and whose sympathy and good deeds to others have long been known and recognized, if never publicly announced? The editor of the home paper, he's only too willing to do the little he can to help you over the hard spot in the road.

And all these years have you advertised in his home paper, and done what you could to help the editor fight your battle in municipal and county matters, and encouraged him as he has worked to build up the town and bring business to it?

How is it? Have you?—Weekly Journal.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference, Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 22-48

Mr. Isham Mossbarger, an old and reliable merchant of Cecilia, Ky., says to the Elizabethtown News that a young man by the name of Drane, from near Hardin Springs, went into a cave about one and half miles from Constantine, in Breckenridge county, to the depth of 67 feet and found a room ten or twelve feet square and in it considerable deposit, which had fallen from the top. In scratching around with sticks in the deposits seven human skulls were found well preserved and an eighth one partly decayed, and there was taken out at least a barrel full of human bones. No attempt was made to see whether the deposits, which was three or four feet deep, contained other skeletons. Mossbarger says this cave is on the farm once owned by his father-in-law, and he passed by it many a day in going to and from his work. It has a cavity at the top about as large as a room and is situated on the top of a cliff, and he has thrown rocks into it many a time to hear the sound. It is almost perpendicular, and at the bottom there is a small opening leading out through which a man would have to crawl if he explored it further. It is believed that these human victims were victims of John A. Murrell's gang, of whom Dock Brown, the central figure of the stirring and exciting novel of the Hon. W. R. Haynes, of this city, "The Outlaw of Grayson," was one of the most daring and audacious members. They had headquarters in the neighborhood of Constantine, but it is probable that many of these victims were brought from miles and miles away, as the gang extended from away down in Mississippi through Tennessee and Kentucky to the northern part of Indiana. Many old people remember the terror they inspired. Children were awed to silence by them as by the Black Prince.



## DIVINE CHIROGRAPHY.

Rejoice Because Your Names Are Written in Heaven.

The Archives Will Come to Light Some Day, and Each Will See His Deeds Stand Forth—Beautiful Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Dr. Talmage's subject Sunday was, "Divine Chirography," the text being Luke x., 20: "Rejoice because your names are written in Heaven."

Chirography, or the art of handwriting, like the science of acoustics, is in a very unsatisfactory state. While constructing a church, and told by some architects that the voice would not be heard in a building shaped like that proposed, I came, in much anxiety, to this city and consulted with Prof. Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, about the law of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead and build your church in the shape proposed, and I think it will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditoriums may seem to be exactly alike, and in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad." In the same unsatisfactory stage is chirography, although many declare they have reduced it to a science. There are those who say they can read character by handwriting. It is said that the way one writes the letter "I" decides his egotism or modesty, and the way one writes the letter "O" decides the height and depth of his emotions. It is declared a cramped hand means a cramped nature, and an easy and flowing hand a facile and liberal spirit, but if there be anything in the science, there must be some rules not yet announced, for some of the boldest and most aggressive men have a delicate and small penmanship, while some of the most timid sign their names with the light and width and scope of the name of John Hancock on the immortal document. Some of the cleanest person and thought present their blotting and spattered page, and some of the roughest put before us an immaculate chirography. Not our character, but the copy-plate set before us in our schoolboy days, decides the general style of our handwriting. So also there is a fashion in penmanship, and for one decade the letters are exaggerated, and in the next minimized; now erect and now slanting, now heavy and now fine. An autograph album is always a surprise, and you find the penmanship contradicts the character of the writers. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertain, our blessed Lord in out text presents the chirography celestial. When addressing the 70 disciples, standing before Him, He said: "Rejoice because your names are written in Heaven."

Of course the Bible, for the most part, when speaking of the heavenly world, speaks figuratively while talking about book and about trumpets and about wings and about gates and about golden pavements and about orchards with twelve crops of fruit—one crop each month—and about the white horses of Heaven's cavalry; but we do well to follow out these inspired metaphors and reap from them courage and sublime expectation and consolation and victory. We are told that in the heavenly library there is a Book of Life. Perhaps there are many volumes in it. When we say a book, we mean all written by the author on that subject. I can not tell how large those heavenly volumes are, nor the splendor of their bindings, nor the number of their pages, nor whether they are pictorialized with some exciting scenes of this world. I only know that the words have not been impressed by type, but written out by some hand, and that all those who, like the 70 disciples to whom the text was spoken, repent and trust the Lord for their eternal salvation, surely have their names written in Heaven. It may not be the same name that we carried on earth. We may, through the inconsiderateness of parents, have a name that is uncouth, or that was afterward dishonored by one after whom we were called. I do not know that the seventy entrances of the names of the seventy disciples correspond with the record in the genealogical table. It may not be the name by which we were called on earth, but it will be the name by which Heaven will know us, and we will have it announced to us as we pass in, and we will know it so certainly that we will not have to be called twice by it, as in the Bible times the Lord called some people twice by name. "Saul! Saul!" "Samuel! Samuel!" "Martha! Martha!"

When you come up and look for your name in the mighty tomes of eternity and you are so happy as to find it there, you will notice that the penmanship is Christ's, and that the letters were written with a trembling hand. Not trembling with old age, for He had only passed three decades when He expired. It was soon after the 50th anniversary of his birthday. Look over all the business accounts you kept of the letters you wrote at 30 years of age, and if you were ordinarily strong and well, then there was no tremor in the chirography. Why the tremor in the hand that wrote your name in Heaven? Oh, it was a compression of more troubles than ever smote anyone else, and all of them troubles assumed for others. Christ

was prematurely old. He had been exposed to all the weathers of Palestine. He had slept out of doors, now in the night dew and now in the tempest. He had been soaked in the surf of Lake Galilee. Pillows for others, but He had not where to lay His head. Hungry, He could not even get a fig on which to breakfast; or have you missed the pathos of that verse, "In the morning, as He returned into the city, He hungered, and when He saw a fig tree in the way, He came to it and found nothing thereon." Oh, He was a hungry Christ, and nothing makes the hand tremble worse than hunger, for it pulls upon the stomach, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the brain pulls upon the nerves, and the agitated nerves make the hand quake. On the top of all this exasperation came abuse. What sober man ever wanted to be called a drunkard? but Christ was called one. What respecter of the Lord's day wants to be called a Sabbath breaker? but He was called one. What man, careful of the company he keeps, wants to be called the associate of profligates? but He was so called. What loyal man wants to be charged with treason? but He was charged with it. What man of decent speech wants to be called a blasphemer? but He was so termed. What man of self-respect wants to be struck in the mouth? but that is where they struck Him. Or to be the victim of vilest expectation? but under that He stooped. Oh, He was a worn-out Christ. That is the reason He died so soon upon the cross. Many victims of crucifixion lived day after day upon the cross; but Christ was in the courtroom at 12 o'clock of noon and He had expired at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Subtracting from the three hours between 12 and 3 o'clock the time taken to travel from the courtroom to the place of execution and the time that must have been taken in getting ready for the tragedy, there could not have been much more than two hours left. Why did Christ live only two hours upon the cross, when others had lived forty-eight hours? Ah! he was worn out before he got there, and you wonder, oh, child of God, that, looking into the volumes of Heaven for your name, you find it was written with a trembling penmanship—trembling with every letter of your name, if it be your earthly name, or trembling with every letter of your heavenly name, if that be different and more euphonious. That will not be the first time that you saw the mark of a quivering pen, for did you not, oh, man, years ago see your name so written on the back of a letter, and you opened it, saying: "Why, here is a letter from mother," or "Here is a letter from father," and after you open it you found all the words because of old age were traced irregularly and uncertain, so that you could hardly read it at all. But after much study you made it out—a letter from home, telling you how much they missed you, and how much they prayed for you, and how much they wanted to see you, and if it might not be on earth that it might be in the world where there are no partings. Yes, your name is written in Heaven, if written at all, with trembling chirography.

Again, in examination of your name in the Heavenly archives, if you find it there at all, you will find it written with a bold hand. You have seen many a signature that because of sickness or old age had a tremor in it, yet it was as bold as the man who wrote it. Many an order written on the battlefield and amid the thunder of the cannonade has had evidence of excitement in every word and every letter and in the speed with which it was folded and handed to the officer as he put his foot in the swift stirrups, and yet that commander, notwithstanding his trembling hand, gives a boldness of order that shows itself in every word written. You do not need to be told that a trembling hand does not always mean a cowardly hand. It was with a very trembling hand Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, signed his name to the Declaration of American Independence, but no signer had more courage, and when some one said, "There are many Charles Carrolls, and it will not be known which one it is," he resumed his pen and wrote Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Trembling hand is no sign of timidity. The daring and defiance seen in the way your name is written in Heaven is a challenge to all earth and hell to come on if they can to defeat your ransomed soul. The way your name is written there is as much to say, "I have redeemed him; I died for him; I am going to crown and enthrone him. Nothing shall ever happen, down in that world where he now lives, to defeat my determination to keep him, to shelter him, to save him. By my Almighty grace I am going to fetch him here. He may slip and slide, but he has got to come here. By my omnipotent sword, by the combined strength of all Heaven's principalities and powers and dominions, by the 20,000 chariots of the Lord Almighty, I am going to see him through." Bold handwriting! It is the boldest thing ever written to write my name there and your name there. He knows our weakness and bad propensities better than we know them ourselves. He knows all the apollyonic hosts that are sworn to down us if they can. He knows all the temptations that will assail us between now and the moment of our last pulsation of the heart, and ye he dares to write our name there. Boldness! Nothing at Saragossa, or Chalons, or Mar-

athon, or Thermopylae, to equal it! Nothing in the sack of gunpowder which one English soldier carried under the blazing artillery of the Mohammedans and blew up the gate of Delhi! Can you not see the boldness in the penmanship that has already written our names there? Apostle Peter, what do you think of it? And he answers: "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Oh, blessed Christ, what dost Thou mean by it? And he answers: "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "Your names are written in Heaven."

Again, if according to the promise of the text you are permitted to look into the volumes of eternity and shall see your name there, you will find it written in lines, in words, in letters unmistakable. Some people have come to consider indistinct and almost unreadable penmanship a mark of genius and so they affect it. Because every paragraph that Thomas Chalmers and Dean Stanley, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Choate, and other noted men, wrote was a puzzle, imitators make their penmanship a puzzle.

Alexander Dumas says that plain penmanship is the brevet of incapacity. Then there are some who, through too much demand upon their earnings and through lack of time, lose the capacity of making the pen intelligible, and much of the writing of the world is indecipherable. We have seen piles of inexplicable chirography, and we ourselves have helped augment the magnitude. We have not been sure of the name signed, or the sentiment expressed, or whether the reply was affirmative or negative. Through indistinct penmanship last wills and testaments have been defeated, widows and orphans robbed of their inheritance, railroad trains brought into collision through the dim words of a telegram put into the hands of a conductor, and regiments, in this wise, mistaking their instructions, have been sacrificed in battle. I asked Bishop Cowie, in Auckland, New Zealand, the bishop having been in many of the wars, what Tennyson, in his immortal poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," meant by the words "Some one had blundered," and the bishop said that the awful carnage at Balaklava was the result of an indistinctly written and wrongly read military order. "Some one had blundered." But your name once written in the "Book of Life," will be so unmistakable that all Heaven can read it at the first glance. It will not be taken for the name of some other, so that in regard to it there shall come to be no dispute. Not one of the millions and billions and quadrillions of the finally saved will doubt that it means you and only you. Oh, the glorious, the rapacious certitude of that entrance on the Heavenly roll. Not saved in a promiscuous way. Not put into a glorified mob. No, no! Though you came up, the worst sinner that was ever saved, and somebody, who knew you in this world at one time as absolutely abandoned and dissolute, should say, "I never heard of your conversion and I do not believe you have a right to be here," you could just laugh a laugh of triumph, and turning over the leaves containing the names of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourself. That is my name written out in full, and do you not recognize the handwriting? No young scribe of Heaven ever entered that. No anonymous writer put it there. Do you not see the tremor in the lines? Do you not also see the boldness of the letters? Is it not as plain as yonder throne, as plain as yonder gate? Is not the name unmistakable? The crucified Lord wrote it there the day I repented and turned. Hear it! Hear it! My name is written there! There!"

I have sometimes been tempted to think that there will be so many of us in Heaven that we will be lost in the crowd. No. Each one of us will be distinctly picked out and recognized as was Abel when he entered from earth, the very first sinner saved, and at the head of that long procession of sinners saved in all the centuries. My dear hearers, if we once get there, I do not want it left uncertain as to whether we are to stay there. After you and I get fairly settled there, in our Heavenly home, we do not want our title proved defective. We do not want to be ejected from the heavenly premises. We do not want some one to say, "This is not your room in the house of many mansions, and you have on an attire that you ought not to have taken from the Heavenly wardrobe, and that is not really your name on the books. If you had more carefully examined the writing in the register at the gate you would have found that the name was not yours at all, but mine. Now move out, while I move in." Oh, what wretchedness, after once worshipping in heavenly temples, to be compelled to turn your back on the music, and after having joined the society of the blessed, to be forced to quit it forever, and after having clasped our long-lost kindred in heavenly embrace, to have another separation! What agony there would be in such a good-by to Heaven! Glory be to God on High that our names will be so plainly written in those volumes that neither saint, nor cherub, nor seraph, nor archangel shall doubt it for one moment, for 500 eternities, if there were room for so many. The oldest inhabitant of Heaven can not read it, and the child that left its mother's lap last night for Heaven can read it. You will not just

look at your name and close the book, but you will stand, and soliloquize, and say, "Is it not wonderful that my name is there at all? How much it cost my Lord to get it there? Unworthy am I to have it in the same book with the sons and daughters of martyrdom and with the choice spirits of all time! But there it is, and so plain the word and so plain all the letters!" And you will turn forward and backward the leaves and see other names there, perhaps your father's name, and your mother's name, and your brother's name, and your sister's name, and your wife's name, and apostolic names, and say: "I am not surprised that those names are here recorded. They were better than I ever was. But astonishment overwhelming that my name is in this book!" And turning back to the page on which is inscribed your name, you will stand and look at it, until seeing the others are waiting to examine the records with reference to their own names, you will step back into the ranks of the redeemed, with them to talk over the wonderment.

Again, if you are so happy as to find your name in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Go up to the state department in this national capital and see the old treaties signed by the rulers of foreign nations just before or just after the beginning of this century, and you will find that some of the documents are so faded out that you can read only here and there a word. From the paper, yellow with age, or the parchment unrolled before you, time has effaced line after line. You have to guess at the name, and perhaps guess wrongly. Old Time is represented as carrying a scythe, with which he cuts down the generations; but he carries also chemicals with which he eats out whole paragraphs from important documents. We talk about indelible ink, but here is no such thing as indelible ink. It is only a question of time, the complete obliteration of all earthly signatures and engrossments. But your name, put in the Heavenly record, all the millenniums of Heaven can not dim it. After you have been so long in glory that, did you not possess imperishable memory, you would have forgotten the day of your entrance, your name on that page will glow as vividly as on the instant it was traced there by the finger of the Great Atoner. There will be new generations coming into Heaven, and a thousand years from now, from this or from other planets, souls may enter the many mansioned residences and though your name were once plainly on the books, suppose it should fade out. How could you prove to the newcomers that it had been written there at all? Indelible! Incapable of being canceled! Eternity as helpless as time in any attempt at erasure! What a reinforcing, uplifting thought! Other records in Heaven may give out, and will give out. There are records there in which the Recording Angel writes down our sins, but it is a book full of blots, so that much of the writing there can not be read or even guessed at. The Recording Angel did the writing, but our Saviour put in the blots; for did he not promise, "I will blot out their transgressions."

### INTERESTING ITEMS.

Two long wool rams were sold for \$1,835 apiece recently at Lincoln, Eng., while a third brought \$1,050.

Employees of the street railway in Plymouth, Eng., work eight hours a day. The city owns the lines, and the fare is two cents.

The cotton crop is short in Texas, but the bottoms are alive with fat possums. There is much joy ahead for every real Texan.

The lovers of the homes of celebrities will rejoice to learn that Somersby Old hall, in which Tennyson was born, is for rent or for sale.

The lower Mississippi is falling at the rate of three inches a day, and, as there is no big water above, the stage this year will be the lowest for many years.

Henceforth the sinner of Afghanistan is to be known as the "Light of the World." His majesty is having a gold coin struck to commemorate his new dignity.

An egg in the shape of a small squash, with a long, crooked neck, is being shown in Louisiana as Pike County's (Missouri) latest contribution to the freak list.

The remarkable feat of Gentry in lowering the trotting record makes it certain that skill and perseverance will soon develop a two-minute class for harness horses.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is now at Torquay, on the Devon coast, with his wife and family. He has taken a house at Maldencombe, one of Torquay's most beautiful suburbs.

At a recent meeting of the convocation of the law society of upper Canada, held in Toronto, the legal committee was directed to frame rules providing for the calling of women to the bar.

A LIVERPOOL grocery firm recently sent out a black-bordered circular announcing the death of a partner, and on the opposite page printed the ruling quotations for butter, eggs and molasses.

The mountaineers of Georgia catch fish with a sledge hammer. Their practice is to thump a rock, under which a trout seeks refuge, with a hammer, and the concussion renders the fish senseless.

## PANICS AND THEIR CAUSES.

Evils of a Currency Whose Volume Can Be Controlled by a Few Men.

Whenever a panic occurs in this country or any other, it is due to the attempt to make credit do the work of cash.

Whatever may be the immediate and incidental cause, this is the effective one which has produced every panic from the first and greatest of modern times to the latest which followed in America the proclamation of three years ago against silver.

The celebrated John Law panic followed immediately on the first really systematic attempt to "monetize credit," and it brought almost as much misery in its train as a destructive war. It was not characterized, however, by an attempt to demonetize cash. That most potent cause of modern panics was not operative in Law's time. He brought about his panic by attempting to remedy an existing cash shortage by floating credit paper into circulation and trying to make it do the work of cash. This discovery is more modern, and it is characteristic of what is now the English system of banking control of the medium of exchange—a system which is undoubtedly the most efficient scheme of robbing the people, of oppressing labor, and taking unjust toll from trade, ever devised by the ingenuity of the human intellect. Under this plan, the supply of cash is so far restricted that a demand is created for the circulation of credit paper, and the system requires that at all times cash in actual circulation shall be no more than enough to make clearings on an increasing volume of credits.

Hence it is the most dangerous system possible for business, and the fact that the credit circulating as cash is generally paid or "cleared" as cash does not make it so. The entire volume of credit paper is added to the debt of the community. In order to keep it afloat the supply of cash in circulation is restricted. When a stringency comes it means a general call for cash to make the credit good. It means that the "sound banker" must do his best to draw all possible cash into his reserve in order to meet the increasing pressure on his outstanding credit paper.

At such times as this the real character of the bank note "based on gold" is revealed. It is not money at all and is not based on gold at all, but, being a part of the floating debt, it increases the pressure for gold. The honesty of the banker and his determination that his notes shall not go to protest forces him to corner gold as far as he can, that his reserves of gold may be equal to the demands upon them. He also calls in his notes, as far as he can, if he be "an honest and safe man." Thus this very reliability increases the stringency by decreasing the amount of cash in actual circulation, while, on the other hand, if the credit paper can be met, its volume is also restricted, while on the other it is sure to collapse if it is too inflated to be met.

The panic is thus absolutely inseparable from every attempt to "monetize credit." The paradox involved in the attempt is so clear that it would long ago have condemned the system but for the enormous profits the money-dealing classes can make while they are allowed to restrict cash circulation and lend out their own notes as cash—that is, to have their own private debts issued as currency, treated as safer than silver and worth as much at interest as gold.

The delusion that this is "sound finance" and "honest money" possesses some disinterested men who are otherwise sane, but it is certainly the most extraordinary delusion of the Nineteenth century. It has brought on England ever since the beginning of the century an average of one panic for every ten years, and these panics must certainly continue while England allows its supply of cash to be shortened and kept short in order to keep bank notes—mere credit paper representing debt—afloat as the principal part of its currency.

We have had panics in sympathy with England and will continue to have them if we surrender to the attempt to keep the more plentiful and useful of the precious metals demonetized in order to monetize the silk paper on which corporations print the debts—the deficits, the dollars of a hundred cents less than nothing at all—they wish to lend out to the business community at the highest possible rate of interest they can force by the forced restriction of the supply of actual cash.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

### Mortgages and the Currency.

About '63 my father mortgaged his farm in New York state. His children were small and there was much sickness. Then the children had to be sent away to school, and the mortgage was not paid, but the interest was kept up, which satisfied the holder of the mortgage. The mortgage is still unpaid, my father is dead, and the mortgage on the home farm is the children's legacy. Is it justice, is it honesty, to compel the payment of that debt in the currency of to-day, dollar for dollar? This case is but one of many; there are hundreds of farms in the same vicinity which, like my father's, will not sell for one-fourth what they would 30 years ago, yet they are better improved, with better buildings. It seems to me that our financiers do not realize the struggle the thrifty middle classes are making to keep from going under.—Cor. N. Y. Outlook.

—Over 200 alphabets are known to the philologists, of which only 50 are now in use.



## CHRONIC CATARRH.

Sometimes Accompanied by Chills, Coughing, Sensation and Weariness of Limbs.

Mr. James Conner Tells of His Experience and After a Long Siege Succeeded in Finding a Cure.

From the Herald, Orono, Ky.

A member of the Herald staff took a day off last week, which was pleasantly spent among the good people of the southeastern end of the county. The eight-mile drive between Monterey and Tackett's Mill is full of interest. This section is noted chiefly for its running streams, bad roads, numerous saloons and pretty girls, with here and there a church or school-house, the great civilizers and christianizers of the ages.

One of the most sturdy, honest and upright citizens of this community is James Conner, a former Justice of the Peace in the Monterey district and at present a School Trustee. Mr. Conner, with his wife and three children, lives about a mile and a half from Tackett's Mill, Ky., and it was the newspaper man's good fortune to enjoy their generous hospitality. Hearing that Mr. Conner was a believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, he was asked concerning the matter. He said he was forty-six years of age and from early manhood had been somewhat of an invalid. He explained minutely how he had for twenty-five years suffered with what he at first supposed was consumption, but later decided was chronic catarrh, soreness of chest, weariness of limbs and a touch of rheumatism. He was treated by several physicians and took some medicines on his own account, but all to no purpose. It was for the rheumatism, especially that he first began the use of Pink Pills. He argued that if he could get the blood right the rheumatism would disappear and the whole system would in time become renewed. His short experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was most gratifying, and it seems like a positive pity that he was deprived of their continued use by the force of unfortunate circumstances. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will soon be enabled to test them more fully and that his brightest hopes may be realized.

Mr. Conner's statement is given below in the form of affidavit in a plain, straight forward manner. In his own words, a great deal better than it could be made by writing a column about it. Here it is:

"I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for twenty-five years. During that time I have been treated by numerous physicians and have taken several kinds of patent medicines, but received no permanent relief. In the first stage of my trouble I feared consumption and my physician treated me for that disease. Later, however, another physician pronounced it bronchitis and catarrh. I had frequent spells, accompanied by chills, coughing, sensations and weariness of limbs. Finally a pamphlet in regard to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came into my hands, which I read carefully with great interest. As they were recommended for rheumatism and kindred complaints, I thought possibly they might be of benefit to me, so I procured a box.

"For about three weeks previous to this time I was unable to do anything and was confined to my room. Before half the pills in the box were taken I experienced a decided relief and was able to do some work. By the time the full box was taken I was able to do as much work as I had for fifteen years. I procured a second box, after taking which I felt still more improved. This was about one year ago. Owing to my financial condition I was unable to continue the treatment, which I sincerely regret, because I am satisfied that had I taken a dozen boxes, or two dozen at the most, I would have been permanently cured. I should have said that I had been suffering with a pain in my left side and back, which was also relieved to a great extent by the pills taken. I have the utmost confidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will do all that is claimed for them, and it is my purpose to procure more of them as soon as I feel able to do so and resume the treatment.

(Signed) "JAMES CONNER." Subscribed and sworn to before me by James Conner, this 21st day of May, 1896.

J. W. HILL, Justice of the Peace.

After procuring Mr. Conner's statement, a call was made on the Tackett's Mill dealers, A. Blythe & Son, from whom the Pink Pills were obtained. In answer to a question the junior member of the firm replied: "Yes, we have sold some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and have heard them highly spoken of. Mr. James Conner, who is one of the most reliable men in our community, is very enthusiastic in their praise. It is a new medicine with us, but seems to be quite popular. We haven't any on hand just now, but it is our purpose to order more right soon."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. (They are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## A PREHISTORIC HORSE.

Fossil Remains That Are Found in the Rockies.

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, in the Century describes the remarkable fossil remains that are found near Bridger Lake, in the Rockies. He says:

If we leave the lake shore, and pass into the drier upland, we discover the clever little four-toed horse, swift, alert, intelligent. He is, to use the modern measure, only four hands, or 16 inches, high, so he would not reach the knee of the Uintatherium, and could be devoured at one sitting by the Patriofelis. His limbs are as slender as pencils. His large eyes are much farther forward than in the horse. He could readily hide among the taller stalks, and it is possible that he had the beginning of protective stripes imitating reed shadows upon his neck and name. In his hair and coloring, however, we pass into pure conjecture. His well-worn chisel-shaped front teeth indicate that he was already a cropper or browser, and the evident secret of his triumphant persistence over his ponderous contemporaries is that he learned to browse just about the time that grasses began to appear. He was the animal of the times.

## HANNA AS A JOURNALIST.

A Great Money Collector But an Editorial Failure.

As the financial manager of a political canvass Mr. Mark Hanna is an imposing success, but as a managing editor he has not as yet exhibited the smallest ability. The gold-standard press of the east is being conducted with a stupidity that amazes, and necessity must soon compel a change in the plan of campaign if the fight is not to be given up. Bawling cannot be sustained at concert pitch with good results for months at a stretch, and so far Mr. Hanna's newspapers have given their strength to howling. Unmistakable hoarseness has ensued, as a matter of course. Everybody who can read has been long aware that the single-standard press wishes to be understood that any man who offers an argument in favor of bimetalism is a fool, a lunatic, a repudiator, a rogue and a loathly foe of the national honor, of which Mr. Hanna and the contributing trusts and syndicates are, for this occasion only, the special guardians. If the gold-standard press has anything else to say on the subject of finance, the time has certainly arrived when it should utter itself with some effort at coherency.

The readers of Mr. Hanna's newspapers this side of the Alleghenies know a good deal more about the money question than they did a few months ago. They have learned that there is plenty of sanity behind the silver cause. For one thing, they have been listening to and perusing Mr. Bryan's addresses, and such of these readers as desire to remain gold men not unreasonably yearn for something better in reply than gull jeers and cheap abuse. The hum-

## WHY THIS SUDDEN SOLICITUDE?



Chorus of Capitalists and Employees (Quoting from Sound Money Pamphlet, "Facts for Working People," Form No. 6):—"The workingman who votes for free silver deliberately agrees to pay twice as much for everything he buys and to accept HALF PAY for all he sells, namely, HIS LABOR."

The Workingman—"That looks like a mighty good thing for you gentlemen who pay his wages! Why not let it stand?"

blest man who has read Mr. Bryan's Brooklyn speeches is fully competent to answer everything that he has heard from the gold advocates, and to supply them with great stores of needed information besides. In those speeches Mr. Bryan exposed the dangers, the folly, the criminality of our existing system of finance, gave sound reasons why we should reopen the mints to silver, and in his comprehensive, masterly way met and overthrew the objections, sincere and pretended, of his more rational adversaries. The average man can understand these clear presentations of fact and these strong arguments quite as well as any of the literary gentlemen who serve Mr. Hanna, and whose only response is mere yelling of the tiresomeries that insult the intelligence of the American voter.

That "ugly trail" which Mr. Bryan left behind him on his previous tour of this region, and that so alarmed the "sound money" men, is being broadened and made uglier each day. His appeal is to the good sense of his hearers, to their patriotism and the self-interest that is to be served by the general prosperity of the country. He leaves it to his opponents to make appeals to the prejudice and non-social self-interest of the rich and selfish. Votes against the gold standard. Votes against the further manipulation of the currency, against more bond issues, against continued vassalage to Europe, against hard times, are being secured by the thousand every 24 hours by these speeches. Mr. Hanna cannot but be aware of this, yet such is his incapacity as a managing editor that he permits his press to pursue a course that enormously emphasizes the effect of the address. As a collector of money, Mr. Hanna is a Napoleon, but in journalism he is a way down at the crossroads level, and should McKinley be beaten and he himself, by the loss of his fortune, find it useful to go to work, we fear that it would task all his journalistic powers to fill an editorial position.—N. Y. Journal.

## SECRET FRIENDS OF M'KINLEY.

Shallowness of the Gold Democrat's Pretense.

What a hollow mockery is this third ticket movement, to be sure. Will anyone assert seriously that the men calling themselves democrats and shouting against Bryan will try to elect the third ticket? Such a thing is preposterous. They are McKinley men, every one, and advocacy of third candidates is the means by which they hope to retain the name of democrats, so as to participate in party affairs hereafter, should they, instead of the people, be in a position of party control.

If they were disinterested, if they believed in what they preached, if they were patriots, as they say they are, why should they refrain from doing openly and honestly what they are doing by stealth and deceit? In the name of democracy they are seeking to vitiate the will and defeat the purpose of a vast majority of the party as represented in both the state and national conventions.

They say they are democrats, that supporters of Bryan are not democrats. Who is the judge of that which constitutes democracy? Does the possession of enormous wealth impart a superior intelligence? Is the man worth a million more a patriot than he who receives \$1.50 a day? Is Russell Sage, the miser, a better man than an honest, charitable farmer?

If, as the third ticket men say, they are the real democrats, why didn't they elect delegates to the regular democratic state convention? They did not elect a single delegate to the convention, although they attempted to do so. Why didn't they? Because

## Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Mrs. JABBER (to Mr. Jabber)—"Are you aware that you talk in your sleep?" Young Jabber (who has just been silenced)—"What other chance does he get?"—Tit-Bits.

## A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

A MAN'S idea of a good woman is one who thinks her husband doesn't need praying for.—Acheson Globe.

I CAN recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

THERE is too much said about love in this world, and not enough about the necessity of a marriage license.—Acheson Globe.

## Hall's Catarrh Cure

is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

It is the telescope that distance lens enchantment to the view.—Texas Sifter.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, many cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

MANY a man who wore shoulder straps during the war has been strapped ever since.



YOU HAVE BACKACHE

## Get Rid of It!

It is a sign that you have Kidney Disease; Kidney Disease, if not checked, leads to Bright's Disease.

and Bright's Disease Kills!

Because the Kidneys break down and pass away with the urine. . . .

## Heed the Danger Signal

and begin to cure your Kidneys to-day by taking

Warranted Safe Cure

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's.

## The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.



"It Bridges You Over."

# Battle Ax

## PLUG

"Battle Ax" bridges a man over many a tight place when his pocket-book is lean. A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" will last about as long as a 10-cent piece of other good tobaccos.

This thing of getting double value for your money is a great help. Try it and save money.

PISO'S CURE FOR CHILLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

DYSPEPSIA: YUCATAN KILLS IT.

A. N. K.—E.

1025

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw this advertisement in this paper.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.  
CHAS. E. HABICHT, - Associate Editor.  
And Business Manager.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY, Nov. 5, 1896

There are various ways of making your mark with Printers Ink. The Best Way is by Advertising in the Herald.

THE HERALD has been held up for 24 hours to give the latest election returns, but at the last moment on account of a monopoly of the wires by the Western Union and the L. & E. telegraph wires we are compelled to go to press without definite information as to the result of the election notwithstanding that several enterprising individuals contributed the sum of \$25 to hear the news. Evidently there is something rotten in Denmark and it indicates Bryan's election, for the fact that both telegraph lines are under influence of the Republican and Boitoerat parties. Bide your time and if we are correct in our diagnosis of the situation Mr. Bryan is the next president and free silver our salvation. The returns will come sooner or later but by chicanery they hope to change the result in favor of McKinley, and that is all there is to it according to our view.

The election for town officers passed off very quietly and a full vote was polled. Here is the result:

FOR POLICE JUDGE.	
Elza James	30
G. W. Wheeler	22
Wm. Hull	1
FOR MARSHAL.	
Arberry T. Brooks	34
R. B. Gambill	15
FOR TOWN TRUSTEES.	
W. H. Cord	36
W. O. Mize	26
Emery James	34
W. T. Caskey	28
A. C. Nickell	26
G. B. Swango	36
J. W. Craven	28

The returns from the counties in this district have come in very slowly, and up to the time we go to press (Thursday evening) we have been able to only get the following:

Counties.	Dem.	Rep.
Breathitt	191	.....
Clark	14	.....
Elliott	709	.....
Estill	267	.....
Floyd	.....	.....
Johnson	.....	.....
Knott	.....	.....
Lee	286	.....
Magoffin	.....	.....
Martin	245	.....
Menefee	330	.....
Montgomery	142	.....
Morgan	734	.....
Pike	.....	.....
Powell	.....	.....
Wolfe	381	.....

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents will please bear in mind that all communications must be received at this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure publication in the current issue.]

### MORGAN COUNTY.

**Maytown Missiles.**  
Our friend Alex Patrick lost his jack yesterday.

Miss Dora Cairn and sister, of Chitty, were in town Saturday and Sunday.

W. W. Manker was in town Saturday night and attended Sunday school on Sunday.

Married, on Saturday, October 31, H. Clay Robinson to Miss Persillia Hayes, Rev. J. W. Kendrick officiating.

Bruce Fulk has moved to town and formed a copartnership with Andy Jackson Phipps in the cabinet business. Look out for an adv. soon.

Mrs. John W. Childers, while coming down stairs last week, fell and dislocated her wrist joint. Mrs. Curtin did all she could to relieve her suffering until Dr. Taulbee got here and dressed the wound. She is now resting very well.

W. W. McGuire and W. J. Seitz, of West Liberty, were billed to address the good people here Saturday. There was a large crowd out to hear the major, who failed to show up, but Mr. McGuire, representing the McKinley-Hanna aid-society, was on hand and made a speech of two hours' length. Wallace is a good talker, but utterly failed to tell us that the convention that nominated W. J. Bryan was the largest Democratic convention ever held in the United States, and that the men who are leading the bolting movement took part in this convention and never dreamed of bolting until they found they were beaten, and yet contends he is of the Democratic party. If a majority is not Democracy, we are yet blind and can not see afar off. Mr. McGuire seemed to tickle the Republicans all along the line, which made us feel a little shaky, but J. W. Kendrick being present volunteered, took the stand for Bryan, Fitzpatrick and free silver, and made some telling blows on the gold bugs and their society. Mr. K. said this was a fight of the plain people against the corrupt methods of Mark Hanna and his millionaire backers. He said the people must and are sure to win on the 3d day of November. Poor John; both sides have given it up for him, so Mr. Fitzpatrick may get ready to go to the nation's capital as our next congressman. Republicans of this valley have given it up and say Bryan will win; could have told you so two months ago.

November 2. WINGLESS.

### Consolation Chat.

Rowena Gibson is on the sick list this week.

Ada Cecil has been sick with a throat trouble for several days.

Lillie Whittaker, daughter of Uncle Dave, has fever at the residence of Seaborn Walters.

Uncle Dave Whittaker and family are visiting on Grassy this week, among relatives and friends.

W. H. DeBusk passed through here en route to Salem to vote for Bryan, and on his way back paid our school a pleasant visit.

November 4. MADGE.

### MAGOFFIN COUNTY.

#### Lykins Listings.

Thomas and Georgie Tipton are quite sick.

James Allen left for a trip to Texas last week.

Today is election day, and it is to be hoped a triumphant one for Bryan, Sewall and free silver.

Jackson Burton has returned from an extended trip to the west, where he has been traveling for his health.

Miss Mary L. Collinsworth, who has been suffering the past month with inflammatory rheumatism, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Harlan Barker left here last week to join her husband somewhere in the northwest, where they will make their future home.

There is a great deal of complaint being made by citizens at this place because they do not receive their mail regularly. It is thought that the illiteracy of the postmaster is the cause.

November 3. TOTTIE.

**WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN** or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$780, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago.

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### Land Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due School district No. 30, for the school year ending June 30, 1896, I will on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1896, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock, p. m., at J. G. Taulbee's store, offer for sale the following described real estate, it being the property of the Irvine Lumber Company, Co., to-wit: Known as the Meadow Branch, and bounded by the lands of Isaac Elkins, J. M. Terrell and D. R. Profit. The amount of said tax is \$21, costs \$2, total \$23. Sold by me as treasurer of said district.

J. W. NAPIER.

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VERMIFUGE  
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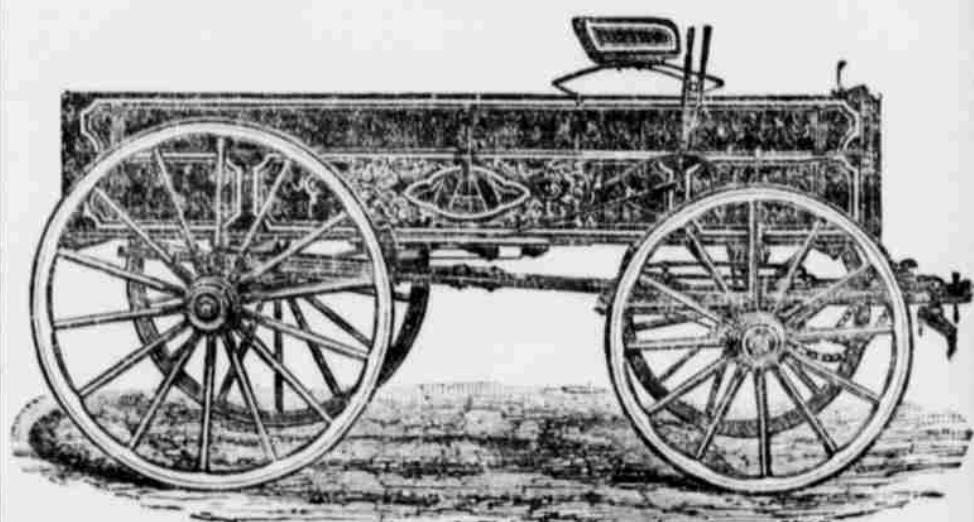
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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : KY.

## THE VOYAGEURS.

With limbs refreshed we rose at dawn,  
And marked the pallid moon that still,  
Like some sweet watcher worn and wan,  
Hung o'er the shadowy southern hill.  
Our ready boats were on the shore,  
And on the stream that shone light  
Which speaks the last caress of night;  
And so we rowed away once more.

The dreaming tide receded fast,  
And strength and spirits grew apace.  
So keen the first, so high the last,  
They seemed to run a blithesome race.  
Then straight behind us rose the sun,  
And flashed his armed beams before—  
A thousand spears of light, and more,  
Ungathered swiftly into one!

Our liquid way was paved with gold,  
All gleaming as a coat of mail,  
Above the waters high and bold  
Up leaped the fish, with glittering scale,  
The sun ascended bright and strong;  
The purple hills grew green and clear;  
And like a chorus in our ear  
A thousand birds broke into song.

We passed the village, dreaming still,  
And white and ghastly further down,  
Within a hollow of the hill,  
Another little silent town.  
And in the meadows, still as stone,  
The cattle, fresh from bush and brake,  
Stood calm-eyed by the mirror lake,  
Like shadows gazing at their own!

And so all day we rowed, and made  
Our way o'er river, stream and lake;  
And ere the evening fell, had laid  
Straight miles and many in our wake.  
While, like a guide who held in store  
Our resting place, the beaming sun,  
That followed at the dawn, strode on,  
And like a beacon blazed before.

By night we pressed the welcome strand,  
And camped upon the grassy plain;  
While slow, majestically grand,  
The round moon rose to life again.  
Our wood fire blazed upon the shore;  
The tents were pitched, our axes rang;  
Together brook and kettle sang:  
And so by night we camped once more.  
—Charles Rogers, in Youth's Companion.

## ELEANOR.

BY JENNY WREN.



I WAS working in the mill that first day Miss Meredith passed through it—I, a lad of 16, in her father's employ; she, the wealthiest heiress in our state. Yet she stopped when she came to that part of the machinery I was directing and watched me eagerly. I had seen the men turn, one by one, from their work, in respectful admiration of her beauty. It was little wonder my fingers grew clumsy under her gaze. I had a taste for mechanism; a fatal inheritance some called it, from my father, whom we had found dead, one bright summer morning, bending over an unfinished model. But, young as I was, Mr. Crane, our superintendent, had confidence in me, therefore had assigned me the work Miss Meredith had honored me by pausing to watch. He was by her side, now. Rumor said he was wooing the young heiress; but as regards that, we mill-hands had little opportunity for judging; only, in one brief glance I dared take of the pure, lovely face, smiling so brightly down upon us, I doubted whether he or any man were worthy.

"Is not this work very difficult?" she questioned. "I should think a boy could hardly manage it."

"It requires more skill than any other," Mr. Crane answered. "But I have great faith in George, although one false turn would throw all the machinery out of order." Then he added something in a low tone which I could not hear. But before Miss Meredith left the mill she again approached me.

"Come and see me this evening, George. I want particularly to speak with you."

I bowed assent, doubtless in an awkward way; but all the rest of the long summer day I moved as in a dream.

Eight o'clock found me promptly seeking admittance at the door of Miss Meredith's beautiful home. The footman looked at me inquiringly when I murmured the name of his mistress; but at that instant she came forward from one of the great rooms and welcomed me kindly. Her graciousness, the luxury everywhere surrounding me, the subtle atmosphere of fragrances, seemed to intoxicate me as I followed her, catching sight, with dismay, of my ungainly figure reflected in the numberless mirrors. But when she paused, we stood alone in a large room more plainly furnished than those we had passed through, but whose walls from floor to ceiling were lined with books.

"George," she began, and I fancied a slight embarrassment in her manner. "Mr. Crane has interest in me so much in you, that I think it a pity you should not have other advantages than those you possess. I sent for you to say that you may have free access to our library, if you think it will be of service to you."

I could in that moment have fallen at her feet. The book for which I had hungered was to be mine at last. In her white dress, with no color save the knot of violets in her breast, matching in hue her eyes, she seemed to my boyish fancy an angel opening the gates of Heaven that I might enter in.

The next year flew swiftly by. Sometimes the sun, peeping in at my window, would find me bending over the book; I had so eagerly opened the night before,

and I would throw myself, dressed, on my bed to snatch an hour's sleep, to prepare me for the manual labor of the day. I grew pale and thin, but for that I cared nothing, until one morning, when it came time to rise, I found my body powerless to obey my will, and sank back on my pillows into unconsciousness.

For weeks I lay tossing in delirium and fever. A memory haunted me when once more I awakened to the realities of life, of a tender touch and a face enshrined on my heart. Could it be Miss Meredith had been to see me?

With garrulous eagerness my nurse told me all. How she had come, not once, but many times, even in the midst of her wedding preparations, how grand the wedding was, how lovely looked the bride, and how, as Mrs. Crane, she had left for me her good-bys, since they were to cross the seas and might not be back for many a year.

"Married and gone!"

Like a knell the words fell on my ear as I silently turned my head away, and the bitter tears rolled one by one down my cheek. Ah, how little was I in her life who had helped fill mine with such gladness! Yet she had not forgotten me. The house was in the care of servants (her father having joined them), but the library was left open to me, with the privilege of spending there as many hours as I would.

Ten years passed on. I held Mr. Crane's old position now. I had won it through a discovery I had made of great value to the owners, and which (like all else that I was, or might be) I owed to Miss Meredith. I could not think of her as Mrs. Crane, not even when I learned they were coming home again, with the little girl, born the first year of their marriage in Florence, but without the father who had so worshipped her, whose body lay in a foreign grave; not even when, going up after her arrival to offer my respectful welcomes, she came forward, holding by the hand a little girl, whose sunny hair fell to her waist.

My eyes glanced from the mother to the child. Was it in that moment I transferred my heart's homage? I know not. I only know that for the little creature I would willingly have laid down my life.

"We are so proud of you, George," Mrs. Crane said, kindly.

But something in my throat choked

"Are you ill?" asked Mrs. Crane. "You have grown so white."

"Yes," I answered. "It is nothing. I will soon recover. I—I will go home and lie down."

Lie down! Through the long night I paced up and down my floor; but with the morning the battle had been fought, the victory gained, my resolution formed. I would go away. I knew now what had kept my ambition dormant for so long. There was a questioning look in Mrs. Crane's eyes, a half-pleading glance in Eleanor's when I went to make my hasty good-bys, but I dared not seek to interpret them, and so went out into the world.

I was 35 years old when I mastered the problem which all these years had mastered me. Thirty-five when I knew my name was famous, and the discovery I had made had made my fortune. For three years I had devoted to it every moment of my lonely existence, and the end was gained at last. But what availed it? It could not fill the emptiness of my life nor that life's needs. Some part of my great discovery, they wrote me, they wanted applied to the mills. Would I spare them a few days to give it my personal supervision? It was a summons gratitude and honor compelled me to obey, so I told myself, with a sudden glad rush of blood through every vein. I should see her; should learn if, as yet, she had gained the prize.

She welcomed me with a new, strange shyness, but my resolution had made me calm to coldness. No, she was yet heart free, her mother told me. What had I hoped that at her words a great weight rose from my heart? The improvements had been made. The next day I was to return to my work, when it was proposed that we should go in a party through the mill to witness its working. Standing by Eleanor's side, we involuntarily paused before the one quiet worker who filled my place when years before her mother had so paused and made the turning-point in my life. All rushed over me with lightning speed, and when Eleanor bent closer to examine the intricate machinery, turning carelessly to me to ask some questions a light something whirled in the air, a faint scream burst from my darling's pale lips, the light drapery she wore fluttered in the awful wheel, which in another moment would have caught and crushed her fragile form.



"SHE CAME FORWARD AND WELCOMED ME KINDLY."

my answer. I could only turn awkwardly away.

The mill grew and prospered in the years which rushed so swiftly by. I would have gone into the world to seek wider scope for my ambition but for a something tugging at my heart which kept me chained. I was an honored guest now at the old home. The poor, friendless boy no longer sought admittance to the library, but with consummate tact was made to feel himself a friend.

But how had I repaid the kindness offered? How recompensed my debt of gratitude? I had drifted idly down the current to the music of birds, 'mid the fragrance of flowers, until suddenly, like the roar of the avalanche at my very feet, though before unheard, this truth forced itself upon me: I loved Eleanor Crane. She was as yet but a child on the boundary line between girlhood and womanhood, the age when first I had raised my eyes to look upon her mother's face. Yet I had loved her from that first moment she had stood, a child of eight, clinging to her mother's hand, regarding the stranger with wondering eyes.

"Eleanor will marry me many years and leave me. Oh George, if I could keep her always!"

This was the confidence uttered one day as we sat alone, that opened my eyes to the fatal truth. This woman, to whom I owed all, everything, should I rob her of her one treasure? Some day, perhaps some man great and noble might sue and be thought worthy, but for me—I turned away with a groan I could not repress.

No time for thought, no hope of rescue if an instant's delay. How it happened, no words could paint; but ere another 30 seconds had gone by, Eleanor stood pale and trembling, safe, while my right arm hung helpless by my side.

"Oh, George, George, I have killed you!" I heard her say, in a tone which even in that moment thrilled me, but I strove to answer, the agony sickened me, all grew dark, and in my strength and manhood I fell forward at her feet.

A choking sob somewhere near me was the sound I heard, as, opening my eyes, I found I had been borne back to Mrs. Crane's house, and caught a glimpse of a girl's retiring figure. Mrs. Crane was sitting by my bedside, while my right arm was already bandaged. When I was stronger they told me the truth. It must be amputated. I made no murmur. So would I have laid down my life. But now never must I speak my love. No gratitude must influence Eleanor's, at pity's call. But, oh, how barren stretched my life before me, as, the operation over, I lay one morning alone in my room, knowing how strong had been the unacknowledged hope, now crushed forever. Every ambition must die without my right arm's help. Yet it was best so.

"Are you awake?" a soft voice questioned, and I raised my eyes, to find Eleanor had stolen to my bedside. "Awake, and would not call us? Rebelious boy! Will you never learn to obey?" Then—oh, did my eyes betray my hungry love which could not speak?—one little white hand came creeping

into mine. A great sob rose in my darling's throat as, in a choking voice, she whispered: "George, why will you be so sad? You will never go away from us again, never. I will be your right hand, dear. George," this in low, solemn tones, "I should rather you had let me die than again to leave us. Tell me, do you hate me, that even now you turn away from me? What have I done? What have I done?"

As yet my misery had wrung from me no tears; but now they blot from my vision the sweet look of shame on my darling's face. With a mighty effort I conquered myself, and the hope it is torture to crush.

"Hush, dear!" I said at last. "Do not be so pitiful. I could not stay, Eleanor. You must not ask it!"

"Not with me?" she questioned.

And looking into her azure eyes, I read her secret even as she read mine.

"It is not pity, darling? You are sure, sure? I could not quite bear that, though I would be strong for anything else. And if I stay, Eleanor, you will be my—"

I pause, but lower and lower sinks the bright, sunny head, until it rests upon my heart. In my helpless weakness I am not strong enough to refuse the precious gift she yields as a free-will offering, and so—I win my wife.—N. Y. Ledger.

## TRAPPING SEA OTTER.

Alaska Indians Sometimes Make Big Hauls Along the Shore.

This year sea otter were scarce, and the hunters say that next year and the year following no otter will be taken, and they will be given a chance to multiply. This year, with 100 canoes out, but 15 sea otter were taken. The chase after the sea otter is along the coast of Alaska, in the vicinity of Latuya bay which is under the frowning brow of Mount Fairweather. The Indians say it is a very dangerous coast for canoe-men, and this year they had three of their canoes thrown upon the beach by the tremendous surf and broken to pieces. Nearly every year several of the hunters lose their lives by being upset off shore during the storms, or are thrown upon the rocks along the coast.

The hunters use a small shotgun in killing the sea otter. The animals are most often seen well out from land, and when one is sighted every hunter is immediately upon his feet. In the bow of his canoe, and the next time the other sticks his head above water a score of guns throw their leaden pellets in his direction. The sea otter is very wary, and is perhaps the most difficult of all fur-bearing animals to kill. White men never attempt its capture in Alaska waters.

The Indians hunt the black bear in the interior from Latuya bay, near the base of the mountains, and in the gorges. They use trained Alaska dogs, usually four or six in a party. The hunters provide themselves with rifles, but say they could not succeed in capturing many without their dogs. They also use bear traps, such as are to be bought in the hardware stores, in capturing them, and a long time ago they say they used to make a trap themselves which was not dissimilar from the deadfall of the backwoodsman. A big log, heavily weighted on one end and elevated and held up on triggers at the other, constituted the trap proper. To get the bear to place himself in position to be struck down by the log, a fence of logs was constructed about the trap and bait so placed that when the bear attempted to pull it away he sprung the trap.

Marten are hunted and caught along the coast of Alaska from Sitka westward, and for some distance back in the interior. The Sitka Indians do not go much further west than Latuya bay, but do a great deal of hunting about the southern end of Baranoff island.—Seattle Times.

## Turned the Tables.

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked.

"No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly. "Stand down!"

The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed, derisively.

The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did ye see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

At this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.—Tit-Bits.

## Her Mother Ran an Account.

During the residence of her majesty in the neighborhood of Loch Vennachar some years ago Princess Louise had occasion to drive into Callander to match some velvet. She procured it at the shop of a draper in the place, but on rising to leave was annoyed to find that she had not her purse with her. Begging the draper's pardon, she told him she would send him the money next day. "Dinna fash yersel, mem," said the imperious tradesman; "yer mither has an account here."—N. Y. Sun.

## Photography and Ducks.

Photography is killing more ducks than are hunters is an alarming claim made by an enthusiastic sportsman, who goes on to explain that the universal practice of photography is creating an immense demand for an album in finishing the pictures, and that this album can be produced only from eggs. The eggs from the ordinary domestic hen are too valuable for food to be sacrificed to art, and as a consequence the breeding grounds of wild birds are gleaned for the desired food. The Hebrides islands of Scotland, Lofoden, Norway, Labrador, Greenland, South America and all other extensive haunts of large birds are robbed constantly by the natives or men from sailing expeditions, and the result is especially hard on the ducks. Labrador is a particularly unfortunate land in this connection, for the miles of crowded nests offer an irresistible temptation to the egg hunters.

## A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

"JOHNNY," asked his teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?" "Sin," replied Johnny.—Boston Beacon.

## No Time Should Be Lost.

By those troubled with constipation in seeking relief from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disease is easily relieved in its earlier stage, and as it is utterly subversive of the general health, postponement of the remedy is unwise. The same holds good of delay in cases of fever and ague, kidney complaints, nervousness, debility and rheumatism, ailments to which the Bitters is particularly adapted.

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CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

It is more pleasant to kiss a miss than to miss a kiss. —Philadelphia Record.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horshound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

You don't hear of a policeman being run over—they are never in the way.

Just try a 10-cent box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The favorite string instrument of a Bostonian—string beans.—Texas Sifter.

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The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

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CANDY CATHARTIC the ideal laxative and guaranteed constipation cure. Sent FREE on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address: STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, San Francisco.

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Fancy Campaign Chart, 6 bright colors, 22 x 28. Nothing like it. Sample 10 cts. 100 for \$10.00. For 25 cents. Box #427, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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## WANTED-AGENTS

For the Pearl Bryan Tragedy is sensational and good selling book. Send for terms to agent. 25 cents. ORDER QUICK. BARCLAY & CO., 210 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured

Book and FREE. Dr. M. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.



## WORLD'S NEED OF SILVER.

The United States Has Advantages Which She Ought to Use.

The New York Financial News, in a lengthy editorial discussion of the topic suggested by the above head, calls attention to the fact that since our repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act there has been a steady increase in our exports of bullion, amounting to everything not used here averaging for 1894 over three and a tenth millions of dollars per month, for 1895 over three and a half millions per month, and for the eight months of 1896 over four and a tenth million dollars per month.

The Financial News publishes in the same connection an interview with a Wall street business man, which the Penny Press deems worthy herewith of reproduction:

"This silver finds its way to India, China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, to countries all over the world using silver. Oriental countries are sinks for silver, will absorb any amount and never give up any. Their business and their demand for it expand and increase constantly. This is true in other countries, and must go on. As to the European countries we sell it to, the cheaper they get it the more there is in exchange with the ultimate buyer. As to the latter, the cheaper they get it the more there is to them in building up their industrial and commercial competition with gold-using and with bimetallic countries. The difference in price between coinage price and what we get for it, say, half price, is not only direct loss to us on a valuable and important export, but it is bounty to oriental countries to help them expand their business in competition with us. Protection and cheap silver cannot go together. The one is protection of our home market to the home manufacturers. The other is a bounty to the foreign manufacturer to the extent of furnishing him money worth a dollar for 50 cents, and with it he is becoming a competitor. If the price was full coinage price as it would be under free coinage, we would not only get twice as much per ounce for what silver we could spare but we should cease to give our industrial and commercial opponents the advantage over us which we now give them. We are the largest silver producers in the world; Mexico is next and South American countries produce a large part of the remainder, and with free silver coinage in this country we would control the world's silver.

"Silver alone is the money of nearly a billion, or two-thirds of the world's population. The operation of the appreciating gold value has been, so far as it applies to silver itself, to enable European exchange dealers to buy silver from silver producing countries at half price and to sell it to silver using countries which produce no silver, at full price. Appreciated gold has served to make all export, or selling countries, sell their exports at half price, as measured by gold, and of course this has brought their domestic trade down to the export price level.

"The United States, as the largest producer, by free coinage could control the silver situation. With silver here at coinage price we would get all Mexican and South American surplus silver, or else force countries buying it direct to pay coinage price. There would then ensue, in silver-using countries, a struggle for silver, such as has come for gold in gold-using countries since the yellow metal was started in the scale of appreciation by throwing out silver from the mints. Then the European countries would have to furnish their oriental and other silver-using customers with silver or lose the trade of those countries. There is no question as to what they would do. The gold would come for it, at coinage price. Making silver worth coin price will increase the world's demand for it. The United States has advantages as a producer and as the neighbor of the other producers, and in her own wealth and power to be master of the silver situation; if she will only exercise it."

## SILVER AND EXPORTS.

Growth of the Foreign Trade of the Double Standard Countries.

Mexico is not the only free silver country that has made great advancement in trade. I will mention a few, whose statistics I have:

	Exports.
Japan, 1861.....	\$3,850,000
Japan, 1874.....	16,900,000
Japan, 1881.....	29,540,000
Japan, 1893.....	75,000,000
China, 1881.....	88,950,000
China, 1893.....	115,400,000
India, 1881.....	372,650,000
India, 1894.....	532,250,000
Russia, 1881.....	252,210,000
Russia, 1893.....	506,850,000
Belgium, 1881.....	492,125,000
Belgium, 1893.....	518,052,000

It will be seen at a glance that all these countries are rapidly increasing their foreign trade. Since 1881 Japan has increased her sales over \$45,500,000; India, \$159,583,000; Russia, \$50,640,000; Belgium, \$25,927,000, and China, \$16,500,000, while in the same time, the United States has fallen off nearly \$100,000,000.

The following gold-standard countries exalted in civilization (?) show just the reverse:

	Exports.	Imports.
Germany, 1881.....	\$1,135,825,000	\$1,135,975,000
Germany, 1891.....	832,940,000	1,242,650,000
United Kingdom, 1881.....	1,485,410,000	1,585,110,000
United Kingdom, 1891.....	1,270,800,000	2,542,500,000
Italy, 1881.....	222,925,000	447,850,000
Italy, 1893.....	192,838,000	768,246,000

—J. W. Goldsmith, in Atlanta Constitution.

## Pocketbook Dictation.

When a banker or a banker's organ argues against silver coinage it is plain that the arguments come from the pocket and not the brain. — Philadelphia Item.

## THE ATTACK THAT REACTED.

W. R. Hearst's Reply to His Opponents—Why He is a Bimetallist.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the New York Morning Journal, has begun the publication of the evening edition of that marvelous publication.

Mr. Hearst has attracted the attention of the whole world by the brilliant manner in which he has espoused the cause represented in Mr. Bryan's presidential candidacy. He has, of course, been attacked by his opponents, but his answer every time has been the publication of a better newspaper. The last attack comes from the San Francisco Call, owned by Spreckels, of the sugar trust. The Examiner is the largest and most influential newspaper published in San Francisco, and it is owned by Mr. Hearst, who is defending democracy from both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. The Call is a rabid gold organ, and in a recent issue it made a pernicious effort to impugn the motive of the Examiner and of Mr. Hearst in espousing the cause of free coinage, intimating that the Hearst estate was chiefly interested in silver mining property, and that Mr. Hearst's devotion to the cause of bimetalism was promoted by mercenary and selfish instincts.

In connection with this charge the following inventory was given. It will be observed, however, that the character of the mines was not specified:

	Shares.	Value.
Anaconda Mining Co.....	120,000	\$7,500,000 00
Daly Mining Co.....	27,425 1-5	525,700 00
Cuba Gold Mining Co.....	42,570	851,400 00
Ontario Mining Co.....	22,281	1,226,874 00
Mammoth Grove Mining Co.....	50	500 00
Homestake Mining Co.....	5	40 00
Homestake Mining Co., 24,161 1-2		193,542 00
Highland Mining Co.....	24,285	205,710 00
Deadwood Terra Mining Co.....	42,418	21,201 00
Pathe de Smet Con.....	19,638 1-5	4,569 30
Texas Flat Gold and Silver Mining Co.....	25,453	10,181 50
Clara Con.....	50,000	50,000 00
Phoenix Silver Mining Co.....	4,476	2,238 40
Brewer Mining Co.....	12,000	50,000 00
Jocuitita Mining Co., 12,000 1-5		No value
Total.....		\$9,911,464 12

As it turns out, only four of these mines are silver producers. These are the Daly, Ontario, Phoenix and Jocuitita, aggregating a valuation of \$1,753,946.90. The other mines are gold and copper producers. One of these alone, the Anaconda mine, is valued at \$7,500,000, instead of \$3,000,000, as estimated by the Call.

It will be observed from these figures, which are furnished by Mr. Hearst himself, that only a small percentage of his mining property is invested in silver. Most of his interests are invested in gold and copper. Naturally, therefore, if he consulted his own selfish interests in the matter, he would espouse the single gold standard and reap the benefit of whatever enhancement in value that policy might give to the yellow metal.

Instead of doing this, however, he has chosen rather to ignore his own interest and to espouse that policy which is calculated to promote the welfare of the masses.—Atlanta Constitution.

## ANOTHER PUZZLE.

An Index as to the Movement of Gold Under Free Coinage.

Mr. Bryan has given the gold men another puzzle to worry over and they are beginning to tear their hair.

In his Richmond speech the democratic candidate remarked that, despite the prediction that the election of the Chicago ticket would drive gold out of the country, the mere nomination of a presidential candidate on a free silver platform had been followed by a remarkable flow of gold to this country.

This statement has thrown the gold organs of the east into hysteria. They are exhausting the vocabulary of political vituperation to heap obloquy on Mr. Bryan for making such a statement. They say that any fool would know that Bryan's candidacy has nothing to do with the flow of gold to this country; that it is caused by the outflow of corn and cotton and the confidence of the election of a gold standard president.

But the fact remains that the first free flow of gold to this country for several years has taken place after the nomination of a presidential candidate on a bimetallic platform. Surely it will not be contended that there is more confidence abroad in the triumph of the gold standard since the nomination of a free silver candidate than there was before any one of the great parties had taken up the cause of bimetalism. Yet before Bryan was nominated the outflow of corn and cotton did not bring gold here, but with the most favorable trade conditions it flowed out and had to be bought back with high-priced bonds.

If the facts knock out the gold men's theories it cannot be helped, and they must accept the consequences. The fact is that with a great campaign in favor of silver going on gold is flowing into this country at such a rate as to frighten Europe and force the Bank of England to put up the rate of exchange.—St. Louis Republic.

—Charles V., emperor of Germany and king of Spain, had a lower jaw which protruded so far that he could not masticate his food. This was a family peculiarity, and culminated in his successor, Charles the Idiot, who died of inanition.

## THE SILVER IN A DOLLAR.

Fallacy of the "55-Cent Dollar" Exposed—An Apt Illustration.

While the exceeding great cry regarding the "55-cent dollar" is having its inning, let us look for a moment into the question and discuss the matter in a way that has some element of reason in it. There has been much written on the subject, but there has probably been nothing more to the point than the little review printed by Mr. A. J. Warner. In this he says that allied to the notion of "intrinsic value," if not growing directly out of that fallacy is the platitude often heard: "Put a dollar's worth of silver in a dollar." If the value of the metals was intrinsic and did not depend on the law of supply and demand, then there might be some sense in such a demand; but as the value of both these metals depends on the law of supply and demand, and as demand for them comes largely from monetary use, to ask that a given weight of one metal should have the same value with monetary use, or the demand for it for money, taken from it, that the other has with the demand for it for money doubled by the very act that took away the demand for money from the other, is so manifestly impossible that the wonder is that any intelligent person should repeat it; and yet nothing is more often heard than this absurd claim, and that, too, from otherwise intelligent people.

The Vanderbilts have two lines of railroad between New York and Buffalo. Suppose they should take off from one of these lines all through trains, leaving only a few local trains to do a little local business, and double the trains on the other. Presumably the earnings of the two lines and the value of the stock of the two roads would be in proportion to the business of each. Would it not appear on its face absurd, under such conditions, for the Vanderbilts to say "when the earnings of the line depleted of trains and business shall equal the earnings of the other line, and its stock becomes as valuable, then we will put the through trains back on

## THE LABORER'S SHARE.



A certain wealthy traveler, on stopping for dinner at an inn, said to the waitress: "You may boil me two eggs, and the broth will make soup for my servant's dinner."

"I fear it will be but a thin soup," returned the girl.

"That is true," then replied the kind-hearted man, "you may boil me three eggs; I can eat three."—Old Fable.

it, but not till then." But would this be any more absurd than to ask that the value of silver, without monetary use, or the right of mintage, should be the same as with it?

First, then, restore to silver the right of free coinage, the same as is accorded to gold, and the same that it possessed for indefinite ages prior to 1873, and then if the coins of the two metals do not remain at par on the ration of sixteen to one, there might be some reason for considering a readjustment of the mint ratio, but not till then.—Buffalo Times.

## Silver and Pensions.

I served in the army about four years, says one writer in the Chicago Record, and never was off duty but once, and that was when I reenlisted, for all such received a furlough to go home. I was not in the war to shoot my fellow-men, nor to be shot at (I presume I shot like the rest), for the paltry pay of a private, nor the pension which seems to bother Mr. Stewart so much, but to try to save the best country that the sun shines on. Now, I care more for the good of the whole country, for this and future generations, than for the pension, so that I shall vote for Bryan and sixteen to one. If Mr. Stewart cares so much for the paltry pension, he should vote for McKinley and the gold standard, and help to make slaves in the future. I get a pension, and consider it a badge of honor; but those poor soldiers that are to have their pensions cut half, understand that their pensions are only to drop in comparison with what the bond-grabbers got. We have had a gold standard for some years, and I think four years more would put us beyond redemption.

—America's financial policy should begin at home, not abroad.—Item.

## WHICH IS YOUR SIDE?

How the Law of Self-Preservation Works in the Present Issue.

It seems to me if all laborers would look into this financial controversy dispassionately and free from all party bias we should soon be a unit upon it. We are all interested alike—what will benefit or injure one will equally affect the other and in the same way; all are true patriots at heart and would scorn to do, or even advocate, what would not be the best for the nation and people at large. The trouble is we see things "through a glass darkly," partisan glasses; let us lay such aside and try to look at facts through our own natural, unbiased, common-sense eyes. And let those who have not used their eyes at all, trusting the eyes and honesty of others—political leaders—look into matters with us and for themselves. Now what do we see? Two directly opposite hosts, one holding for the present gold standard, the other for the coinage of silver, "the dollar of our daddies." What classes of people make up these two opposing hosts? On the one side we see all our millionaires, our national bankers, our money lenders, our rich corporations; our gold mine owners, all who do not have to labor for their living, but depend upon the earning power of their money. On the other side we see the farmer, the day laborer, the mechanic, the small business man, and, through selfish interests, the silver mine owner. One side may be classed as the creditor class, the other, leaving out the silver mine owner, the debtor class.

Now it is too true to need more than mention that every man, woman and child living is selfish, looking out for himself and his own best interests. This is the law of self-preservation, for truly enough, "if we do not look out for ourselves who will look out for us?" Surely no one will dispute this foundation statement. Granting this, are the selfish interests of these two classes identical? Are the selfish interests of the creditor class the same as the selfish

## CREDITORS ARE FEARFUL.

Bimetallism Means They Cannot Double Real Value of Western Investments.

A fall in prices represents a corresponding increase in purchasing power of money. A rigidly just system in payment of debts would therefore allow payment in a nominal sum diminished in exact ratio to the increase in purchasing power, or, in other words, to the fall in prices. So well recognized is this fundamental law of equity in payment of debts that Prof. Laughlin, himself one of the gold champions of the present time, has proposed a multiple standard, consisting of a unit compounded of the ruling prices of a dozen or twenty of the standard commodities. Thus a man might equitably pay a \$100 debt of paying \$120 or \$80, or more or less either way, according to the variation of the nominal standard in purchasing power. He would be paying equitably because he would be returning the same purchasing power, though not the same nominal value in money.

A rise in prices represents a fall in the purchasing power of a dollar, and hence decreases the real value of the debt. Inflation causes a rise in prices, and hence does injustice to the creditor. Contraction produces a fall in prices, increases the power of the dollar, and hence does injustice to the debtor.

A change either way in the purchasing power of the standard does injustice to somebody. The great desideratum is a standard that will not vary. Obviously, if creditors should influence legislation to lower prices they would be dishonest. Either course would be easily possible by legislative manipulations; either would be dishonest and subversive of government.

Now, passing these ABC propositions which nobody thinks of denying, how do they apply to the present situation? Have we a case of inflation or of contraction? Of contraction. Have we a case of rising or of falling prices? Of falling. Have we a case of increased or decreased purchasing power of the dollar? Of increased. Have we a case of advantage to the creditor or the debtor? The creditor. To what extent? In the average, to just about the percentage in the fall of price of silver bullion.

Average prices have fallen just about 50 per cent, since the demonetization of silver, or since that act began fairly to produce its legitimate consequences. This is simply another way of saying that the gold dollar has appreciated in like ratio. Everything has fallen except gold. It, being the standard, has, of course, risen. Now, let us ask those who so sweepingly charge western creditors with an attempt at repudiation: Who are the aggressors in this case? Instead of the silver movement being an aggressive effort on the part of debtors to pay 50-cent dollars, it is a defensive movement on their part to prevent their creditors from making them pay 200-cent dollars.

Most of the debts, mortgages and bonds which now hang like a body of death over the newer portions of our country were contracted from ten to twenty years ago, since which time prices have fallen half. If a Nebraska farmer borrowed \$1,000 20 years ago, when wheat was worth 100 cents a bushel and other things in proportion, he was borrowing a purchasing power, expressed in wheat, of \$1,000. Now, if he is compelled to pay the \$1,000 in gold, when wheat is worth only 50 cents a bushel, he is practically paying a purchasing power of \$2,000. In general terms, it may be asserted that the western borrower is compelled, under the gold standard and the fallen prices which it causes, to pay twice the purchasing power in wheat, corn, wool, horses, labor, all the essential products of his life's work, that he borrowed. Hence, even if the free coinage of silver does result in a permanent 50-cent silver dollar, and if the debtor pays his gold debts in that depreciated currency, he is, after all, paying back the same quantity of labor and the products of labor that he borrowed. Five hundred dollars in gold or \$1,000 in silver is worth as much now as \$1,000 in gold then. If these things be true, what becomes of the charge of repudiation so flippantly hurled against the hard-working pioneers of civilization in our great west?

Who is dishonest, the debtor who is trying to pay his debt in a form that commands the same purchasing power for himself and the creditor, or the creditor who seeks to take advantage of circumstances by which he can force payment in a form, even though it be nominally the same, in reality twice the burden to the debtor and twice the advantage to himself? Does it not rather appear that the sentiment which several of your correspondents express is making its outcry, not so much because it is in danger of losing half of its western investments, as that it is afraid it will not succeed in doubling their real value through an artificial fall of prices?—Cor. N. Y. Outlook.

## Banks Are Against the People.

The classes (the bankers and millionaires) insist upon making it a fight against the masses. The Ledger said, editorially, on September 24: "They (the silver people) are quite right in recognizing the fact that the banks are opposed to them." This is a bold and defiant admission; in fact, a challenge to the people.—Philadelphia Item.

## Give Us a Remedy.

Times are bad, and even the most ardent goldites cannot explain how an improvement is to come in the event of the retention of the single gold standard. "Pointing out imaginary ills under free silver does not remove the present evils."—Philadelphia Item.



## LATE STATE NEWS.

Crittenden circuit court has five divorce suits.

Harrodsburg school don't allow boys to smoke during study hours.

Nearly every toll gate in Owen county was demolished one night last week.

The Madisonville Hustler has made the startling discovery that hens dream.

Owensboro hopes to have brick paved streets and an electric light plant of its own in the near future.

Tim Cherry shot and instantly killed Pat Blue at Morgantown last Saturday. An old grudge the cause.

Mrs. Zella Marsh, of Crofton station, died from the kick of a horse, which she was driving from the stable at her home several days ago.

The Episcopal church at Frankfort caught fire Sunday and sustained a loss of \$3,000. A memorial window that cost \$1,500 was destroyed.

Arrangements have been made and a large detachment of revenue officers are now scouring Morgan, Elliott and Magoffin counties for illicit stills.

While the remains of B. H. Wisdom, the Paducah millionaire, were being taken to the cemetery, burglars ransacked the residence and stole a lot of jewelry.

Jim Burke, who murdered Peter Shay in cold blood at Lusby's Mill, Owen county, was captured after several hours' pursuit and narrowly escaped lynching.

Mrs. Ellen Howard, of Cleopatra, McLean county, had a lamp explode in her hands. Her clothes caught fire and she was burned to a crisp before assistance came.

"Kid" Carroll, the Louisville pick-pocket who escaped from jail there about Christmas, was arrested in Cincinnati last week and brought back to his old quarters.

J. Fletch Marcum, formerly city editor of the Catlettsburg Democrat, was struck by a west bound C. and O. freight train at Kilgore, and it is thought seriously injured.

A. D. Powers, of Owensboro, the Cuban sympathizer who disappeared from Chicago about a month ago, has been located in Tennessee, where he was found in a demented condition.

In a political row at Prestonsburg, Floyd county, a young man named Marrs fatally stabbed an aggressive young Republican named Peary, who died within a few moments after the cutting.

Alexander Mattingly, aged sixty years, a highly respected farmer, was found dead at his home near Mt. Gilead, Mason county. His team had run off, throwing him off the wagon and breaking his neck.

While escorting his sweetheart home, Edgar Gooch, of Bee Lick, was thrown from a horse against a tree, breaking his thigh, dislocating his shoulder and injuring him internally. His recovery is doubtful.

Geo. Gloss, colored, and James M. Smith, white, convicts in the Frankfort pen, fought in one of the shops the other day. Smith was struck on the head with a hammer and had his skull fractured. He is serving a twelve year sentence from Pike.

Quite a serious difficulty occurred on the Owen pike, about five miles from Corinth, in which a man named Smith bit off the nose of Andy Simpson. Simpson walked four miles to his home, and found his nose lodged in his waistcoat. The doctors operated on him.

Breck Flinchum killed a mad dog on Frozen Sunday. It had bitten several dogs in the neighborhood, and the people there are greatly excited, fearing that other dogs will go mad. It is reported that mad dogs are terrorizing people on Red river.—Jackson Hustler.

The American association, controlling the bulk of the lands and property about Middlesboro, will utilize their entire acreage the coming season in the raising of tobacco, and experienced tobacco growers from the central portion of the state are already being engaged for the work.

The wire fence around a corn field of Mrs. Peter Lyles, near Symsonia, in McCracken county, was cut by some evil disposed person, and the stock of the community let in upon thirty-five acres of corn. The people in and about that section are highly indignant and wrought up over the outrage.

In the springtime a young man's fancy may lightly turn to the thoughts of love, but in the autumn is when the marry-

ing fever strikes him. Lexington is a great marrying place, says the Leader. There is no doubt about that, old maids to the contrary, notwithstanding. During the past thirty days Louis and Gus Straus, the well-known tailors, have made exactly twenty wedding suits. This marrying business is a good thing for the tailors.

Our banter of last week to pumpkin growers outdone the first week, says the Mt. Vernon Republican. Mr. Alva Maret, living one mile south of Waddle, sends us the most surprising growth from one seed we ever heard of. The vine was measured by two of his neighbors whom we know, and consequently know the measurements are correct. Length of main or longest vine, seventy-five feet. Length of all the vines in the aggregate 957 feet. On the aggregation of vines there are growing eighteen pumpkins, of which the gross weight is 250 pounds. In Kansas real estate agents say that "the reason pumpkins cannot be raised in Kansas is that the vines grow so fast that they wear out the pumpkins in dragging them about over the ground," but in this case they became too heavy to be dragged. Who can beat this one.

**WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN** or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

## NEWS NUGGETS.

Five houses were blown down and one person killed by a storm in New Orleans one night last week.

An Ohio man took a large pinch of snuff to relieve a cold and sneezed so hard that his left eye fell out of the socket.

While attempting to arrest Pres Bradford, at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., Deputy Sheriff Walter Haley was shot and killed.

The three new battle ships in course of construction for the United States navy will be named Alabama, Illinois and Wisconsin.

There are over 500 negroes in jail at Charleston, W. Va., awaiting trial in the United States court for selling whisky contrary to law.

Mrs. Mary Fener lay down in front of a freight train near Kirby, O., and was injured so badly that she died in a short time. Domestic troubles the cause.

The team attached to President Cleveland's victoria ran away, but no one was hurt, as the coachman stopped the runaways by throwing one of the horses down.

The Catholic church at Washington, Ind., was broken into one night recently and the wine used in sacramental services and the gold communion set stolen.

While trying to save his 8-year-old grandson from an attack of infuriated swine, Jacob Baughman, of Fayetteville, Pa., received injuries which may cause his death.

At Columbus, O., there is a rocking chair in the residence of Charles Hammond, which rocks at intervals when there is no one near, and no cause can be assigned for it.

James Kelly, a Butte (Mont.) miner, who accused his sweetheart, Jessie Hill, of unfaithfulness, shot her, and, turning his gun on himself, was killed instantly. The girl will live.

A spontaneous combustion of acids in a car on the Big Four railroad, near Anderson, Ind., started a fire which consumed the car. The consignment was billed to Cleveland.

A genuine blizzard prevailed throughout the western and central sections of Wisconsin, Saturday. Snow began to fall early in the morning. Heavy falls are reported from a number of points.

At Muncie, Ind., Mrs. David Stewart's sleeve caught on a pot of boiling water, upsetting it, the contents falling on a two-year-old child, burning it so horribly that it died. Mrs. Stewart is crazed with grief.

Rhode Island is going to build a two million dollar state house, at least \$2,000,000 is the estimated cost of the structure, but its final cost will depend very much on the honesty of the men engaged in building it.

To get the insurance of \$10,000 on his wife's life, Chas. O. Kaiser took her to a lonely place near Morristown, Pa., and shot her through the head and then him-

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self slightly in the arm, giving out that they had been waylaid and robbed.

Topeka, Kansas, has a smoker who uses a pipe with a bowl the size of a tumbler and a stem as long as a cane, at which he smokes for three hours and a half at one sitting. It is said that he can fill a good sized hall with smoke in thirty minutes.

While digging a well at Columbus, Ind., the dirt caved in from the top, burying George Goetz alive. It was two hours before the dirt could be removed from him, and he was found in an unconscious condition. He will probably recover.

R. J. Illingsworth was shot and instantly killed at Devil's Lake, N. D., by Thomas S. Cordner, city treasurer and a leading politician and business man. Cordner claims the shooting was in self-defense, as Illingsworth had brutally assaulted him.

Owing to a court clerk's error, the Mutual Life Insurance company, of New York, must pay Mrs. Nellie Phinney a judgment of \$98,000, with interest and costs, making over \$100,000. Such was the decision rendered by the United States circuit court of appeals in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. J. W. Allen, of Maryville, Mont., shot and accidentally killed her 10-year-old son and fatally shot her husband. He was whipping the boy and she interfered, when he turned on her. She took a rifle and shot at him, but killed the child by accident. She then shot him in the head. He may die. She is crazed with grief.

Perry Richardson has been arrested in Kendall, Wis., charged with the murder of a man named Wilde, at Portage, twenty-six years ago. Richardson had lived under an assumed name ever since the alleged crime, but he recently applied for and was granted a pension on his former name. This gave the clue to the Portage officials.

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